

The Orangeburg Times.

An Independent Paper Devoted to the Interests of the People.

VOLUME III.

ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1874.

NUMBER 31.

IN AN HOUR.

I. ANTICIPATION.
"I'll take the orchard path," she said, "speaking lowly, smiling slowly; the brook was dried within its bed; the hot sun hung a flame of red low in the West, as forth she sped."
Across the dried brook-course she went, singing lowly, smiling slowly; she scarcely saw the one that spent its fiery force in swift descent—blue never saw the wheat was bent.
The grasses withered, the blossoms dried; singing lowly, smiling slowly; here eyes amid the drought espied a summer pleasure far and wide, with roses and sweet violets piled.

II. DISAPPOINTMENT.
But homeward coming all the way, singing lowly, smiling slowly, she knew the bent wheat withering lay, she saw the blossoms dried decay, she missed the little brooklet's play.
A breeze had sprung from out the South, but, sighing lowly, smiling slowly, she only felt the burning drought; her eyes were hot, and parched her mouth, yet sweet the wind blew from the South I.
And when the wind brought welcome rain, still sighing lowly, smiling slowly, she never saw the lifting grain, but only—no lone orchard lane, where she had waited all in vain!

PEARLS AND BLACKBERRIES.

"No," said Dr. Darling, slowly, "no; I can't believe the evidence of my own senses." And as he enunciated the words with impressive distinctness he looked solemnly at Harry Clifford.
He might have found a worse-looking individual to fix his regards upon than this young M. D., who had taken his first season in bones, muscles and human anatomy, with the therapeutics belonging thereto, in the little office across the hall, and was just preparing to hang up a shingle of his own; for Harry Clifford was tall and shapely, with reddish hair and a huge auburn mustache, and merry eyes that laughed like springs of water in the sunshine.
Dr. Darling took off his spectacles, folded them, and deliberately placed them in their case, still without taking his eyes from his neophyte. Harry Clifford smiled; but he looked a little embarrassed, notwithstanding.
"She would have you in a minute, if you were to propose," pursued Dr. Darling, dropping great red-hot splashes of sealing-wax over a sheet of blotting-paper, and stamping them with his monogram seal in an aimless sort of way.
"Yes; but I tell you, sir, I don't want to propose," said Harry, staring at the intertwined D. J. D.'s as if they were the most interesting things in the world.
"You don't want a pretty girl for a wife?"
"Not that pretty girl in particular, doctor."
"Nor fifty thousand dollars?" added the doctor, pronouncing the three momentous words in a manner that made them sound very weighty indeed.
"I would not object to the fifty thousand dollars in itself, sir; but, as a mere appendage to Miss Bradbury—"
"I believe the boy is crazy," ejaculated Dr. Darling. "Well, well, as the Scotch proverb has it, 'a wilful man mannae his way,' and I shall interfere no farther. By the way, Harry—"
"Yes, sir?"
"You are going to the city this afternoon?"
"That is my present intention, sir."
"Stop at Depierre's, will you, and leave Mrs. Darling's pearl brooch to be mended. I ought to have done it a week ago, but a man can't think of everything."
"Certainly, doctor," and Harry Clifford deposited the pearl brooch—an old-fashioned ornament of massive gold, set with tiny seed-pearls—in his waistcoat pocket.
"Rather a careless way to carry jewelry, young man," said Dr. Darling, elevating his eyebrows.
The morning sun was casting bright, flickering threads of gold across the kitchen floor; the morning-glories and Madeira vines, trained across the easement, stirred softly in the mild July air; and Ursula Percy, Miss Darling's orphan niece, was busy "doing up blackberries."

Fresh as a rose, with hazel eyes, softened to intense blackness at times by the shadow of their long lashes, and smiling scarlet lips, she stood there—her calico dress concealed by the housewife's apron of white dimity that was tied round her waist, and her black curls tucked remorselessly back of her ears—looking demurely into the bubbling depths of the preserving kettle, like a beautiful parrot on one of the white-painted pine-table beyond a glittering tin vessel was upheaved with the beautiful jet-black fruit, each separate berry flashing like the eye of an oriental belle.
"Ursula!"
The pretty young girl started, very nearly dropping her skimmer into the preserving kettle.
"How you startled me, Harry."
Harry advanced into the kitchen, with an admiring look at the bright face flushed with a little blush and a good deal of stove heat.
"You are always at work, Ursula."
"I have got to work, Harry, to earn my own living," Ursula Percy answered, with a slight uplifting of her exquisite black brows. "I am not an heiress like Miss Bradbury!"
"Confound Miss Bradbury!" exclaimed our hero. "I hear nothing but Miss Bradbury the whole time."
"She is a very sweet young lady, Harry," said Ursula, in mildly reproving accents.
"I dare say; but—what a lot of blackberries you have here, to be sure, Ursula."
"Forty quarts," said Ursula, demure-

ly. "Aunt Darling always enjoys them so much in winter."
Harry put a honey-sweet globule of fruit into his mouth.
"Blackberries are beautiful fruit, Ursula."
"Very," and Miss Percy skimmed diligently away at the bubbling cauldron.
"Especially when you are doing them up," added the young M. D., with rather a clumsy effort at compliment.
Ursula did not answer. Harry walked up to the range and took both her hands in his.
"Harry, don't; the berries will burn."
"Let 'em burn, then; who cares?"
"But what do you want?" she asked, struggling impotently to escape, and laughing in spite of the grave look she said would have assumed.
"To see your eyes, Ursula."
"She lifted the soft hazel orbs to his face, then withdrew them with sudden shyness.
"Do you know what answer I read from those eyes, dearest?" he whispered, after a moment or two of silence, broken only by the hissing and simmering of the boiling blackberries.
"No."
"I read yes!"
"O, Harry, I dare not. Uncle and aunt are so determined you shall marry Miss Bradbury."
"And I am so determined not to marry her. Is a man to be given away as if he were a house and lot, or a bundle of old clothes, I should like to know?" Ursula—
"Harry, they are burning; I am sure of it. I can smell them. O, do let go of my hands!"
Harry Clifford deftly seized up the big iron spoon, and stirred the boiling depths vigorously.
"It's all your imagination, Ursula."
"No, it's not; and if they are the least bit scorched they will be spoiled for Aunt Darling."
"But, Ursula—"
The creaking sound of an opening door beyond suddenly dissolved the toto-a-toto. Ursula almost pushed Harry Clifford out of the kitchen.
"You'll be on the piazza to-night when they have gone to the concert?" he persisted, asking through the crack in the door.
"Yes, yes, anything—everything; only go!"
And Harry went, beginning to realize that love-making and preserving do not assimilate.

"Your pearl brooch, my dear? O, I remember now. I gave it to Harry more than a week ago to have mended. I dare say it is done by this time?" and Dr. Darling turned expectantly to our hero.
"I—I'm very sorry," began Harry; "but the brooch disappeared in the most unaccountable manner from my vest pocket. I know I put it there—"
"Yes," dryly interrupted the elder gentleman, "I remember seeing you put it there, and you assured me at the time that you never lost anything. So the brooch is gone, eh?"
"Yes, sir, it is gone. But Mrs. Darling may rest assured," Harry added, with a glance towards that lady, "that I will replace it at the earliest opportunity."
"O, it is of no consequence at all!" said Mrs. Darling, with a contentment that said plainly, it is of the very greatest consequence, "perhaps we shall find it somewhere in the house." But the days slipped by, one by one, and the doom of the pearl brooch remained involved in the deepest mystery. Harry Clifford bought another and presented it to Mrs. Darling with a little complimentary speech. Mrs. Darling laughed and pinned it into the folds of the thread lace barb she wore at her throat.
"But it is so strange what can have become of the other!" said Mrs. Darling.

It was in the month of September that the old doctor and Mrs. Darling made up their minds to invite Miss Bradbury to tea.
"We will have a pound cake and preserved blackberries," said Mrs. Darling, who always looked at the material side of things.
"And if Harry don't come to terms now, he never will," added her husband, who didn't.
"Get out the best china, and the chased silver tea service, Ursula," said Mrs. Darling.
"And wear your pink French calico, child; it's the most becoming dress you have," said her uncle, with a loving glance at the bright little brunette.
And Ursula Percy obeyed both their mandates.
"Miss Bradbury came—a handsome, showy lady, with a smooth 'society' manner that made Ursula feel herself very confounded and common indeed.
"Delicious preserves these!" said Miss Bradbury.
"They are of Ursula's making," said Mrs. Darling. And Harry Clifford passed his plate for a second supply.
"I remember the day they were brewed, or baked, or whatever it is you call it," said he, with an arch glance at Ursula.
Suddenly old Mr. Darling grew purple in the face, and began to cough violently. Every one started up.
"Ho! swallowed the spoon!" cried Miss Bradbury.
"O! O! he got the apoplexy!" screamed Mrs. Darling, hysterically.
"Uncle! dearest uncle!" piped up poor little Ursula, vaguely catching at a glass of water.
But Dr. Darling recovered without any more disastrous symptoms.
"It isn't the spoon, and I don't come of an apoplectic family," said he.
"But, upon my word, this is about the

biggest blackberry I ever came perilously near swallowing!" And he held out his wife's pearl brooch boiled up in the blackberries.
There was a momentary silence around the table; and then it was broken by Mrs. Darling—one of those blessed old ladies who never see an inch beyond their noses.
"My goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Darling; "how could it ever have come into the preserved blackberries? I don't see—"
"But I do!" said Dr. Darling, looking provokingly knowing. "Yes, I see a good many things now that I didn't see before."
And Harry, glancing across the table at Ursula, was somewhat consoled to perceive that her cheek was a shade more scarlet, if that were possible, than his own.
He followed the doctor into his office when the evening meal was concluded. Ursula did not know how she ever would have lived through it were it not for Mrs. Darling's delightful obtuseness, and Sophy Bradbury's surface view of the matter.
"Doctor," he began valiantly; but the old gentleman interrupted him.
"There's no need of any explanation, my boy," said he. "I know now why you didn't want to marry Miss Bradbury. And I don't say that I blame you much; only I came near choking to death with Ursula's blackberry jam."
And Dr. Darling laughed again until, had his spouse been present, she would have thought a second attack of apoplexy among the inevitables.
"Little Ursula!" he added, "who would have thought it? Well, you shall have my blessing."
The pearls were all discolored, and the gold of the old-fashioned brooch tarnished with the alchemy of cooking; but Ursula keeps that old ornament yet, more tenderly treasured than all the modern knick-knacks with which her young husband loads her toilet-table. And every year, when she preserves her blackberries, Dr. Darling comes to tea and makes ponderous vitticisms, pretending to search in the crystal preserve dish for a "boiled brooch!"
But then jolly old gentlemen will have their j kes.

Superannuated Dawdlers.
A Saratoga correspondent writes: "The old beaux at Saratoga are very numerous at present. They come here and dangle parasols and fans in return for invitations to parties and Germans during the winter. This is easier than calling now and then, which gets to be a terrible bore with the old beaux, who like their cigar and newspaper and home comforts of an evening, and are not to be coaxed out unless there is a swell affair with a wine supper to repay them. So here they are dangling fans and doing penance, and next winter they will be invited again, because they were 'so attentive at Saratoga.' The old beaux are growing a bit heavy in figure, and show a few crow's feet, but on the whole get themselves up well, and, as they are acknowledged 'society men,' the young ladies are satisfied to have them at their heels."
"The old girls who are hawked about from one watering-place to another are also well represented this season. These 'young' ladies are expert in casting die-away glances, hanging their hands in fashion, and in all the gushing tricks of maiden-hood. They are striving to make the most of themselves with a deadly effort, and are really very stylish in their fine toilets, with ecologically foreheads, hair parted on one side, and bonnets pinned on captivately. This old stock have been waiting in the market for rich husbands, and could now be bought cheap."

German Musical Invasion of France.
Sutherland Edwards, in his recent book on "The Germans in France," tells the following pleasant anecdote of the armed propagation of the Wagner idea: "The morning after my arrival in Rouen, I was awakened by the sound of such music as under ordinary circumstances would never have been heard in France. A selection from 'Lohengrin' was being played by the band of an East Prussian regiment just in front of the hotel. Here, then, was conquest symbolized in music. Nothing but a successful invasion could have brought Richard Wagner to the native city of Boildieu; beneath whose statue the unfamiliar sounds were, at that moment, being produced. The sarcasm, however, met with very little notice from the inhabitants. Street-boys, whose curiosity and love of novelty are stronger everywhere than their patriotism, held the music-sheets for their enemies; but the adult passer-by paid no more attention to the doubtful strains than did the orchestra dog that had dragged the big drum after him, from somewhere near Konigsburg, to the capitol of Normandy, and who now, like a dog that had seen the world, lay down on the pavement, and calmly slept without once disturbing the general effect of the music by the unexpected *rinforzando* of a snore. It was freezing hard, and the brass instruments, pinched by the cold, were terribly hoarse. What, however, was the frost to East Prussians?—one of whom, when a shivering Frenchman complained that the thermometer marked ten degrees below freezing-point, is said to have replied: 'Ten degrees? Why, in East Prussia, at ten degrees, it thaws.'"
—In Paris, natural flowers are much worn at one side of the waist, and are arranged in this wise: A small bouquet is placed in a tiny glass holder containing a few drops of water, which is then concealed in the folds of the sash.

AS TO BOYS.
There are persons of suspected intelligence who hold to the heathenish opinion that a boy, considered apart from his family relations, and regarded simply as a social phenomenon, is the most curious outgrowth of the civilization of which we boast. And they are queer enough to commence arguing in favor of that opinion by a reference to the superstitions of the young idea. They want to know, for instance, whence a boy derives the settled conviction that rain on the hands breaks the force of the schoolmaster's blows; that an eye-winker placed in the center of the palm is sure to split the pedagogic's rascal; that the incantations handling of loads leads to warts, and that a white bean planted in the dark of the moon under a brick, near some house water-spout, removes them. Far be it from us to attempt an explanation of these strange ideas, but it is certain that they have been entertained through generation after generation of boys, and no doubt any archon that ever sported a "knuckle duster," a "pottery" or a "crystal," that ever "mumbled the peg," or played "leap-frog," can account for them to the entire satisfaction of any impartial inquirer.
What really is puzzling to the adult mind is whence the boys originally obtained their barbarous methods of "counting out" for "catcher," "fox," or any of those pleasant juvenile games requiring fitness of foot and a secretive disposition. For instance: a lot of boys will get together to play at some of their games. He will go through a great rignarole of words, applying one word to each as he designates him by a tap on the breast, and the last one so honored is "it," as they call the "catcher," as thus—
"Oney, Oney, Iokory, Ann, Fillian, Follian, Nicholas, John, Rye, Quay, English Navy, Stinkulum, Stankulum, Buck!"
Now, there are those who would like to know what sense there is in all that, and what the mystery connected with these portentous words. And also in this, another mode of counting out:

"Occa, bocca, Bocca, crocca, Occa, bocca, truce!"
Or in this, which is considerably less elegant, though possibly more significant than the preceding:
"Pink, pink, How you do stink!"
The future belles of the Queen city, it must be confessed, use the same savage methods in making their election, of "Who's it?" etc. The girls have also a good many incomprehensible chants and songs of their own. The starting point is, of course, "ring around the rosy spot," for it is an utter impossibility for girls—that is, small and real girls—to play anything very long that does not require a clapping of hands and their circling about with some outlandish chant. Their favorite song is:
"Green gravel, Green gravel, How green the grass grows; And all the creation Is ashamed to be seen. Dear Annie, dear Annie, Your true love is dead; He sent you a letter, So turn back your head."
Whereupon the dear Annie in question reverses her top-knot to the balance of the circle and continues to go round in that position until the dreadful tidings of the decease of the true love of "Dear Lizzie," "Dear Louie," etc., is conveyed to them respectively, and they, in turn, reverse themselves in honor of the departed. When the whole list of names in the circle is exhausted, and the bereaved objects of so much pure affection are in mourning together, the game is played over again.

If there chance to be any youthful representatives of the male sex about with whom the young ladies are on good terms, the chant is sometimes varied thus, the circling performance never ceasing for an instant:
"Little Minnie Tim, A sitting in the sun, A weeping and crying for a young man; Rize, Minnie, rize, Minnie, Wipe away your tears; Look to the East and look to the West, And look to the one that you love the best."
And Minnie immediately casts a languishing look upon some young shaver among the boys; who, in response, as quickly assumes a melancholy air, breathes hard a couple of times, and attempts a simultaneous display of all his jewelry.
But this is getting off the main subject—boys. The lives of most of the great heroes, philosophers and statesmen that have figured in the world's history have been written, the "self-made" men of the country have been run through a Hoe press several thousand times, and the future of promising youths throughout the land has been horoscoped somewhat extensively. But who shall write up the youth of our distinguished soldiers and statesmen, and moneyed men? There are many gentlemen of celebrity in this vicinity whose juvenile experiences would pan out handsomely, but we are afraid none of them would be so frank and outspoken on the subject as Col. Richard Holland, now of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, but a Cincinnati "born and raised." The colonel admits having been the wickedest boy in Cincinnati. He was a Look street boy, and fond of the canal. He was also fond of ginger cake, and on one occasion abstracted the grocery pass-book from beneath the paternal roof, and obtained twelve sections of that substantial and epicurean comfort for the benefit of his "crowd,"

who ate it in a neighboring board-yard, and gave three times three for the author of the feast. An attempt to alter the figures in the book failed, however, and the youthful financier received a large dose of strap oil, as a curative for his smartness. The colonel was likewise fond of a gun, and as his father had one, which the old gentleman prized very highly, Richard and his brother took it out on the hill to shoot "chippies" on an average three times a week, Richard taking the weapon apart and ramming the stock up the back of his coat, while his brother carried the barrel in one of his trousers' legs, so as to get it out of the house unseen. They managed the ramrod by tying a string to it and making a whip of it until they got out of sight. They had "lots of fun" with the gun until the brother tried to shoot the ramrod out one day, when it kicked him over, and knocked both hammers to a full cock. Richard didn't see his brother for over five minutes, and then had to carry him home. There was no more shooting of "chippies."

The most important transaction of that period of the colonel's existence was the clandestine carrying away and pawning of the old gentleman's watch—a venerable time-piece which had been lying unseen in a bureau-drawer for over five years. Richard very reasonably thought the watch was completely forgotten by that time, and that he had made a very judicious disposition of it. But the very next Sunday, as ill-luck would have it, the old gentleman, on dressing himself to go to a dinner-party, said to his good wife, "Well, I guess I'll wear my watch to-day, and fruitless search being made for the chronometer, Richard fled the spot and played "hooky" both from school and home for the next six weeks.

It has been mentioned that the colonel was fond of the canal. So he was, and a jolly lot of trouble it used to get him into, too. He was going home from "school" one day with his shoes in his hand, when it suddenly occurred to him to make a boat of one of the pedal coverings, and straight into the lock it went. Then the other boys commenced to "waft" it to the other end of the lock by throwing stones, etc., at it, and the result was that the ship went hopelessly down. Richard trembled at the thought of going home with one shoe. It would be known that he played truant, and a good stout stork would await him. Various expedients were thought of and suggested as a means of getting him out of the scrape, but they were all failures. The last one was to induce a shoemaker in the neighborhood to make a mate for the shoe inside of an hour, and for the handsome remuneration of two cents, but Richard was astonished to learn from the artist that it could not be done in that brief space of time, and particularly for that sum of money. The only thing remaining was to hook a shoe belonging to a mill-hand, which was about five times as large as the other. The disparity in size was discovered the very first thing on his entering the house; the mill-hand came, making a terrible fuss about the larceny of his shoe. Richard was in disgrace again, and had to flee once more to the mountains. And "sich," as Sairy Gamp would say, "sich is boys."—Cincinnati Commercial.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—These lines are by a realistic Saginaw (Michigan) poet:
"Wouldn't the red Injun here took their delight, 'Flab', fit and bleed, New money the inhabitants in which, With many red."
—A schoolboy defines flea, "Flea, flow, red—when you put your hand on it."
—England and Scotland are said to contain six hundred thousand habitual drunkards, including both sexes.
—"Hav'n't I a right to be satisty if I please?" asked a young lady of an old bachelor. "Yes, if you please, but not if you displease," was the answer.
—It is true that there is nothing like advertising, but a public officer, with nothing but his salary of \$2,000 a year to live on, should be careful not to give his wife more than \$5,000 worth of diamonds at a time.
—An Iowa paper reports the following as the form of marriage in a town in that state: "Join your right hands. Do you want one another?" (They both answer, "Yes.") "Well, then, have one another. You're man and wife."

—A Vermont man has the following posted in his field: "If any mans or womans cows or oxen gets into these here oats, his or her tail will be cut off, as the case may be. I am a Christian man and pay me taxes; but blast a man who lets his critters run loose, says I."
—A lady who had been teaching her little four-year-old the elements of arithmetic was astounded at his running in and propounding the following problem: "Mamma, if you had three butterflies and each butterfly had a bug in its ear, how many butterflies would you have?"
—Remember that appearances are often deceiving. Many a pale, thin young lady will eat more corned beef than a carpenter. Because you find her playing the piano in the parlor it is no sign that her mother is not at the corner grocery running in debt for a peck of potatoes.
—The New York Mail denounces as a double-distilled fool, a young Frenchman who, seeing the dead body of a very beautiful woman displayed at the Morgue, went and killed himself, first writing a letter, stating that he had committed the act in order to have his cadaver put on the next slab to hers.

—A well known brother of the press remarks, in a recent issue: "It is not our fault that we are red-headed and small, and the next time one of those overgrown rural roosters in a ball-room reaches down for our head, and suggests that some one has lost a roeband out of his button hole, there will be trouble."
—A Walker street (Atlanta, Ga.) man has a goat for sale. While he was at dinner recently, the goat chewed up his new Panama hat, a box of cigars, and his wife's new bonnet, and several fruit cans that were out airing, preparatory for duty. The goat is an expensive luxury, and will be sold cheap on long credit.
—To despond is to be ungrateful beforehand. Be not looking for evil. Often thou draineest the gall of fear while evil is passing by thy dwelling. Verily evils may be courted, may be wooed, and may be won by distrust; for the soil is ready for the seed, and suspicion hath coldly put aside the helping hand.—Tupper.

—A writer in Les Mondes says that he is enabled to materially reduce the number of insects which prey upon the flowers and fruits of his garden, by covering the inside of an old tub with liquid tar and at twilight putting a lighted lantern within, leaving the whole out overnight. The bugs, attracted by the light, are caught and held fast by the tar.
—Grave city pastor to his fond wife—"My dear, Mrs. Wilson must be experiencing a change of heart. She looked so serious during my last sermon." Fond wife—"Sho, you goose, why couldn't you see that her new Sunday hat has one artificial flower less than Mrs. Brown's, who sits in the next pew?" The pastor collapses and takes refuge in an arm-chair.

—At his late fancy-dress ball the sumptuous Wales "was dressed in a light maroon velvet doublet and cloak of satin, embroidered in gold, trunk hose, large buff boots and a black felt hat, with a white feather. He wore also a wig of fair hair, which prevented his easy recognition, and had his Star of the Garter on his breast, and the badge hanging from a blue ribbon round his neck."
—A commission appointed by the French minister of public works, having reported favorably upon the great scheme for connecting England and France by a sub-marine tunnel, French coal owners to the north of France are beginning to discuss the probable effect of the work upon their trade, and are afraid that the tunnel would greatly increase the deliveries of English coal upon the northern French markets.

—A hater of tobacco asked an old negro woman, the fumes of whose pipe were annoying to him, if she thought she was a Christian. "Yes, brudder, I spects I is." "Do you believe in the Bible?" "Yes, brudder." "Do you know that there is a passage in the Scriptures that declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven?" "Yes, I've heard of it." "Well, Ohloe, you smoke, and you cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven, because there's nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?" "Why, I spects I leave my breff behind when I go dar."

Fast Horses.
The following table, showing the time made by the celebrated flyers of the country, is interesting:
Goldenrod Maid.....2:24 1/2
Lulu.....2:16 1/2
American Girl.....2:17 1/2
Dexter.....2:17 1/2
Lacy Thorne.....2:18 1/2
Lucy.....2:18 1/2
Judge Fulton.....2:18 1/2
Flora Temple.....2:19 1/2
George Palmer.....2:19 1/2
Red Cloud.....2:20
Henry.....2:20
Camory.....2:20
Mountain Boy.....2:20
Gazelle.....2:21
Jay Gould.....2:21
George Wilkes.....2:22
St. James.....2:22
Sleepy George.....2:22
Ledy Maud.....2:22
Bolline.....2:22
Rosalind.....2:22
Huntress.....2:22
Jennie.....2:22
Flora Belle.....2:22
Kilburn Jim.....2:23
Joe Brown.....2:23
Myron Perry.....2:23
Toronto Chief.....2:23
Pilot Temple.....2:23
Chicago Prince.....2:24 1/2
Sleazy John.....2:24 1/2
Clara G.....2:24 1/2
Sue.....2:24 1/2
Thomas Jefferson.....2:24 1/2
Joe.....2:24 1/2
Crown Prince.....2:24 1/2
Fanny Blum.....2:24 1/2
G. E. Low.....2:24 1/2
Ethan Allen.....2:24 1/2
Nonesuch.....2:24 1/2
J. J. Bradley.....2:24 1/2
Col. Russell.....2:24 1/2
Derby.....2:24 1/2
Harry H.....2:24 1/2
Ben Cummings.....2:24 1/2
Surprise.....2:24 1/2
Matt Smith.....2:24 1/2
Sea Foam.....2:24 1/2
Bay Whalchance.....2:24 1/2
Grand Duchess.....2:24 1/2
Lydia Thompson.....2:24 1/2
Lucille Allen.....2:24 1/2
Ben Flagler.....2:24 1/2
Morrisey.....2:24 1/2
Queen of the West.....2:24 1/2
Honest Dutchman.....2:24 1/2
H. W. Genet.....2:24 1/2
Royal John.....2:24 1/2
Grace Betran.....2:24 1/2
Lucille Allen.....2:24 1/2
Pocahontas.....2:24 1/2
Seal Skin.....2:24 1/2

More Facts About Chinch Bugs.
An extensive stock dealer informs the St. Louis Rural World that in his recent travels he has seen much of the ravages of the chinch bug, and that the following is the best way to destroy them: When they first appear, as they usually do, on the side of the corn field, and before they have entered it, cut five or six rows of the corn and clear the ground; then plow a strip of land eight or ten feet wide, leaving a deep dead furrow, and the trap is complete. When the bugs approach the field, they will pass in under the corn placed across the dead furrow, and preferring the shade and moisture, remain there until the stalks become perfectly dry, when they can be put through a process of cremation that will prove effectual in destroying them. Should they first appear in the middle of a field of corn (as it not unfrequently happens they do), they can be surrounded on the foregoing plan and destroyed in the same way.

—It takes practice to make perfect. Mr. Long, of Tusculumbia, Alabama, had to practice eight years before he could throw a bible across the house and knock a young Long down.

Fast Horses.
The following table, showing the time made by the celebrated flyers of the country, is interesting:
Goldenrod Maid.....2:24 1/2
Lulu.....2:16 1/2
American Girl.....2:17 1/2
Dexter.....2:17 1/2
Lacy Thorne.....2:18 1/2
Lucy.....2:18 1/2
Judge Fulton.....2:18 1/2
Flora Temple.....2:19 1/2
George Palmer.....2:19 1/2
Red Cloud.....2:20
Henry.....2:20
Camory.....2:20
Mountain Boy.....2:20
Gazelle.....2:21
Jay Gould.....2:21
George Wilkes.....2:22
St. James.....2:22
Sleepy George.....2:22
Ledy Maud.....2:22
Bolline.....2:22
Rosalind.....2:22
Huntress.....2:22
Jennie.....2:22
Flora Belle.....2:22
Kilburn Jim.....2:23
Joe Brown.....2:23
Myron Perry.....2:23
Toronto Chief.....2:23
Pilot Temple.....2:23
Chicago Prince.....2:24 1/2
Sleazy John.....2:24 1/2
Clara G.....2:24 1/2
Sue.....2:24 1/2
Thomas Jefferson.....2:24 1/2
Joe.....2:24 1/2
Crown Prince.....2:24 1/2
Fanny Blum.....2:24 1/2
G. E. Low.....2:24 1/2
Ethan Allen.....2:24 1/2
Nonesuch.....2:24 1/2
J. J. Bradley.....2:24 1/2
Col. Russell.....2:24 1/2
Derby.....2:24 1/2
Harry H.....2:24 1/2
Ben Cummings.....2:24 1/2
Surprise.....2:24 1/2
Matt Smith.....2:24 1/2
Sea Foam.....2:24 1/2
Bay Whalchance.....2:24 1/2
Grand Duchess.....2:24 1/2
Lydia Thompson.....2:24 1/2
Lucille Allen.....2:24 1/2
Ben Flagler.....2:24 1/2
Morrisey.....2:24 1/2
Queen of the West.....2:24 1/2
Honest Dutchman.....2:24 1/2
H. W. Genet.....2:24 1/2
Royal John.....2:24 1/2
Grace Betran.....2:24 1/2
Lucille Allen.....2:24 1/2
Pocahontas.....2:24 1/2
Seal Skin.....2:24 1/2

More Facts About Chinch Bugs.
An extensive stock dealer informs the St. Louis Rural World that in his recent travels he has seen much of the ravages of the chinch bug, and that the following is the best way to destroy them: When they first appear, as they usually do, on the side of the corn field, and before they have entered it, cut five or six rows of the corn and clear the ground; then plow a strip of land eight or ten feet wide, leaving a deep dead furrow, and the trap is complete. When the bugs approach the field, they will pass in under the corn placed across the dead furrow, and preferring the shade and moisture, remain there until the stalks become perfectly dry, when they can be put through a process of cremation that will prove effectual in destroying them. Should they first appear in the middle of a field of corn (as it not unfrequently happens they do), they can be surrounded on the foregoing plan and destroyed in the same way.

—It takes practice to make perfect. Mr. Long, of Tusculumbia, Alabama, had to practice eight years before he could throw a bible across the house and knock a young Long down.